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LINCOLN'S INN NEW HALL AND LIBRARY.

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[Vol. XLIV.]

## Original Communications.

## LINCOLN'S-INN NEW HALL AND LIBRARY.

AMONG the structures now rapidly rising to add to the dignity and beauty of the British metropolis, the subject of our present engraving is far from being the least in magnitude or importance. As it advances to completion, it presents us with a vivid realization of the architecture of the days of Elizabeth.

"When dames of honour breakfasted on beef."

In its general construction its venerable neighbour will be found to have served as a model. It is formed of red interspersed with veins of blue brick, and dressed with stone. It occupies part of the gardens of Lincoln's inn, ranging along the east side of Lincoln's-inn fields. This erection is by Mr Hardwick, and is in the style of the time of Henry the Eighth.

The old Lincoln's-inn hall, which has been mentioned, was built on the ancient site of the houses of the Bishop of Chester and of the Blackfriars, erected by Ralph Nevil, bishop of that see, about the year 1225. These properties, in the course of time, fell to Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and he erected a stately mansion as the residence of himself and his successors, in which he is reported to have entertained the study of the law some time before his death, which took place in the year 1310. The house subsequently belonged to the bishoprick of Chichester, having been demised by Robert Sherburn, bishop of that see, to William Syllard, a student therein, for a term of years, at the end of which, in the year 1536, the prelate's successor in the bishoprick, Richard Sampson, granted the inheritance to the said William Syllard and his brother. The latter, for the sum of 500*l.*, by deed bearing date Nov. 12, 1579, conveyed the house and garden in fee to Richard Kingmill and other benchers.

In Cooke's 'Walks through London' we read:—

"The Society of Lincoln's inn is entitled to the following endowment: Christopher Tancred, Esq., of Whixley, in Yorkshire, in the year 1754, bequeathed a considerable property for the education of twelve young men; four of whom are directed to be instructed in divinity, in Christ's College, Cambridge; four in the study of physic, at Gonvil, or Caius College, in the same University; and four in the study of the common law, at Lincoln's inn, London. The trustees were incorporated by act of parliament in 1761. To each of the four persons elected to partake of this bequest in the study of the law, the yearly sum of 50*l.* is assigned by the will; and this aid (which now exceeds 100*l.*) is continued for three years after they have

taken the degree of barrister-at-law. The testator's bounty was intended for the use of young men whose scanty means might disable them from prosecuting their studies: but, by that perversion of charitable funds which too generally prevails, the sons of bishops, and other lordly beggars, are generally the fortunate holders of the bounty."

The situation of the new hall is most eligible, looking over the noble area of Lincoln's-inn fields on the one side, with the gardens on the other. Its origin is thus accounted for by our contemporary the 'Polytechnic Review':—

"The benchers being gradually driven out of their old halls by chancellors and vice-chancellors, bethought themselves of building a new one; and, at the same time, have made ample accommodation for dining; they have also provided a drawing room for the benchers, and a library, forming together a fine suite."

The foundation of this building was laid only in June last. That such a pile should have risen in the space of a few months is really, even in these days, when rapid and unlooked-for changes are common, something extraordinary. To accomplish the erection in the shortest time possible, we are informed the workmen have been constantly kept at work night and day. The projectors, with the wishing cap of Fortunatus, seem to have borrowed his purse, and to have made rather free with its contents.

In a future number of the 'Mirror' the interior will be noticed.

THE COBBLER AND CHARLES V.—The precedence given, in the pageant processions of Flanders, to the cobblers over the shoemakers, gives curious confirmation to an anecdote related of Charles the Fifth, who was fond of parading the towns *incog*. Rambling at Brussels in this way, his boot required mending, and he was directed to the nearest cobbler. It was St Crispin's day, and the cobbler refused to work, "even for Charles himself!" but he invited him in to join his merry-making companions; the offer was accepted, and after much free but good-humoured discourse, the emperor departed. Next day, much to his surprise, the cobbler was sent for to court, where, contrary to his fears, the emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and gave him a day to consider what he might ask as a suitable reward. He expressed a wish that the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it. This modest request was granted, and he was told to ask another, when he declared his utmost wish to be that the company of cobblers should take precedence of the shoemakers.—*Fairholt's Lord Mayor's Pageants.*

## TRIUMPH OF COMMON SENSE.

THE newspapers give ample testimony that the cause of the Drapers' Association proceeds most prosperously. At the annual meeting on Wednesday, over which Mr Emerson Tennent, M.P., presided, the effects of peaceful, rational agitation for a laudable purpose were most happily exemplified. The praiseworthy efforts of the drapers to diminish the sum of unnecessary toil promise to extend their beneficial consequences over the whole surface of British industry, and the evidence afforded by many employers of high character as to the effects of shortening the hours of business, bring to the support of rational theory the conclusive, indisputable facts supplied by practical experience. It was clearly shown that those houses which had dispensed with the evening attendance, heretofore exacted, had nothing to regret; that those whom it had been their generous care to relieve had wisely occupied the leisure gained for them, by directing their attention to pursuits and recreations calculated to improve their minds, raise them in the social system, and benefit their employers.

It had been unfeelingly urged that the time spared from business would be injuriously employed. Every advantage is capable of being abused by folly. The merciful and sublime Sabbatic institution itself, may by depraved minds be made the source of evil. Would the benevolent philosopher, therefore, propose that the relaxation of Sunday should be denied to the industrious classes of England, lest they should avail themselves of the sacred day of rest to plunge into grosser dissipation than they would otherwise know? Who at this time of day will have the heartless intrepidity to put forth such an argument?

In this case we have no clique of infuriated operatives making war on their superiors. "If," say the assistants, "we cannot convince those whose interests are bound up with ours by appealing to their reason and their sense of justice, for the present we are content to withdraw from the struggle." And how is this answered by their employers? "Your claim," they reply, "is reasonable; we admit it, and will support you." This they do, not merely by encouraging words, but by generously subscribing to the funds of the association. Such being the case their ultimate triumph is certain, and both the superiors and the subordinates have acted with such prudence and kindly feeling, that their example cannot but have the happiest influence on others, and it is not too much to hope that an amelioration of the hard lot of many thousands unconnected with their body will be sensibly ameliorated through the energetic but

prudent and temperate resistance they have offered to usages which had insensibly grown up to their annoyance.

Of the glorious effects of consideration for those who toil, a happy instance is afforded in the following curious and interesting article, copied from the 'London Polytechnic Magazine,' descriptive of the silk manufactory of M. Stoffella, at Roveredo, by Herr Teschau.—

"This establishment has gained a high reputation, not only for the quality of the silks manufactured, but for the philanthropic system upon which it is conducted. Four hundred females are constantly employed, who are not only provided with their living, but every care is taken of their education. A young girl from eleven to fourteen years of age, in poverty, who can produce a certificate of good moral conduct and health, is apprenticed from four years and a half to six years and a half under an indenture, stipulating that she shall during her apprenticeship be provided with board, lodging, clothing, and instruction in religion, as well as reading, writing, arithmetic, needle-work, and all the branches of the manufacture of silk. After the first six months every apprentice receives an annual salary of fifteen florins, which sum is placed in the savings bank of Roveredo. Those parents who are in very needy circumstances are permitted, after their daughter has been two years apprenticed, to draw an annual allowance. The proprietor himself deposits 500 florins in the bank every year for the purpose of being distributed in different awards to those whose industry and skill are found the most deserving at a public examination. In case of death the parents have a right to claim whatever funds the child may have in the bank. Upon the termination of the apprenticeship the girl is at liberty to return home, or stipulate for employment by the year (that being the shortest period for which any of them can be engaged), and receives an increase of payment according to her abilities. Those who during their apprenticeship have behaved well, and distinguished themselves, are provided at the end of their term with tools and furniture to commence business. Their occupation consists in the manufacture of all sorts of silks, and every week twenty-five of the number are alternately instructed in domestic affairs. Certain leisure hours are allowed for meals, lessons, and recreation, and when they walk out some of the teachers are appointed to accompany them. The whole establishment is conducted by Mr Stoffella, and consists of twenty superintendents; viz., one director, one vice-director, six teachers, and twelve overseers.

### A SCENE FROM THE REBELLION OF NINETY-EIGHT.

The affecting prayer for mercy of a poor misled gentleman who was implicated in the rebellion of 1798, lately appeared in the 'Mirror.' The appeal was in vain, and the unfortunate man suffered the last penalty of the law. We now give a narrative of the severity exercised by the insurgents, when in power at Wexford, from 'Musgrave's Memoirs.' It will serve to inspire a lively horror of civil war.

"On Monday morning, the 4th of June, a man of the name of Murphy was shot for having given information against rebels. His executioners were three Protestant prisoners, Charles Jackson, Jonas Gurley, and Kennet Matthewson. Edward Fraine, a man of some opulence, and who was supposed to gain 300*l*. a year as a tanner, was officer of the guard. When the executioners were brought into the yard Fraine addressed C. Jackson, and had the following conversation with him:—'Mr Jackson, I believe you know what we want of you,' He answered, 'Yes, I suppose I am to die.' He then fell upon his knees and begged that he might be allowed to go to see his wife and child. Fraine swore he should not, and informed him that a man was to die that evening at six o'clock, and that he did not know any more proper person to execute him than he, and the two others. He added that 'he supposed he could have no objection to the business.' Jackson replied, 'Sir, should I have no objection to commit murder?' Fraine said, 'You need not talk about murder: if you make any objection you shall be put to death; but if you do your business properly, you may live two or three days longer; so I expect you will be ready this evening at six o'clock.' Another rebel captain insultingly addressed him in the following manner:—'If you could get a few orange ribbons to tie round your neck during the execution, it would, I think, have a pretty appearance.' The executioners were remanded to their cells, where they remained praying till six o'clock in the evening, when they were brought again into the gaol yard, where they found the prisoner Murphy surrounded by about a thousand armed rebels.

They proceeded to the place of execution, which was about a mile and a half off, at the other side of the bridge. The procession was in the following order:—A large body of horsemen who formed a hollow square, a black flag, the drum and fifes; Murphy, the convict, marched next, followed by Jackson, with Gurley and Matthewson behind him. When the 'Dead March' was struck up and beat till they arrived at the spot where the victim was to fall a sacrifice to their fanatical ven-

geance; he was placed on his knees close to the river, and with his back to it. Previously to the execution the rebels knelt down and prayed for about five minutes. The rebels were ordered to form a semi-circle with an opening towards the water. Charles Jackson asked permission to tie his cravat about the poor man's eyes; but they desired him not to be nice about such particulars as it would be his own case in a few minutes. When the muskets were called for, it was suggested that if they gave three at once to the executioners they might turn about and fire at them. It was then resolved that they should fire one at a time. Matthewson, the first person appointed to shoot, missed three times. They gave him another musket, with which he shot Murphy in the arm. Jackson was next called upon, and as they suspected that he would turn and fire on them, two men with cocked pistols, and two men with cavalry swords, were placed behind, who threatened him with instant death if he missed the mark. He fired, and the poor man instantly fell dead; after which Gurley was obliged to fire at the body while prostrate on the ground. It was then proposed that Jackson should wash his hands in his blood, but it was overruled, as some of the rebels said he had done his business well. A ring was then formed round the body, and a song in honour of the Irish republic was sung to the tune of 'God save the Queen.'

"The dreadful business took up about three hours, after which the executioners were marched back to prison."

### ALGIERS AS IT IS IN THE HANDS OF THE FRENCH.

BY CAPT. LUCAS.

#### LETTER II.

(For the Mirror.)

SINCE the French formally took possession of Algiers, some twelve or thirteen years ago, it has been converted into a slaughter-house for human beings. European cruelty has shed torrents of native blood, and the African climate has avenged the crimes perpetrated by the boastful and victorious invaders. It is worth while to compare the professions of the French when they first approached Algiers with their subsequent doings. Before the surrender, in 1830, the following proclamation was issued:—

"To the Couloughis, sons of Turks and Arabians, residing in the territory of Algiers,—We, your friends, the French, are setting out for Algiers. We are going to drive from thence the Turks, your enemies and your tyrants, who torment and persecute you; who rob you of your property and the produce of your soil, and con-

stantly threaten your lives. We shall not take the town to remain masters of it: we swear it by our blood. If you join us—if you prove yourselves worthy of our protection—you shall reign there as formerly, independent masters of your native country. The French will treat you as they treated your dear brethren the Egyptians, who have not ceased to regret us for these thirty years that have elapsed since we left their country, and who moreover still send their children to France to learn reading, writing, and every useful occupation and art. We promise to respect your money, your goods, and your holy religion, for his majesty, the benefactor of our beloved country, protects every religion. If you do not trust our words and the strength of our arms, retire out of our way; but do not join the Turks, our enemies and yours. Remain peaceable, the French have no need of aid to beat and expel the Turks. The French are and will be your sincere friends; come to us, it will give us pleasure, and will be of advantage to you."

Little regard was had to the promises thus made after the fall of the place. The claims of the natives to anything like independence were laughed to scorn, if not visited as a crime. Among the enormities committed, we have it on the authority of the Duke de Rovigo, that prisoners have been put to death without even the form of a trial. The particular murders referred to by the duke occurred in May, 1832; but according to some writers these form but a small portion of the sins against humanity and public law, for which the French have to answer. Not the least of the evils poured on the conquered country, is experienced from the vagabond and dissolute crew of settlers which they have brought there. This is the description supplied by a Frenchman, M. Aynard de la Tour du Pin:—

"Germans, Swiss, and French, agriculturists and artisans, have gone to the promised land of Algiers for profitable employment, but have found nothing but beggary, with the immorality that attends it; and depending upon public support, they have become incapable of honest labour. So that a wretched lazzaroni threaten to spring up from the families of hardy peasants who constituted the first emigration. But the new system has invited a far worse class of colonists than these to Algiers. They are the scum of the sea-ports of France and Spain, Italy and Greece. Men who have forgotten home, and who speak a jargon of all the languages in Europe; men who have tried all professions with equal want of reputation and success. Everywhere and in everything, they have been unfortunate. Each has a story to tell of his griev-

ances and the wrongs he has suffered from his government. And they are all martyrs to liberty. But the fraud is so gross that when these men meet each other, they fairly laugh in each other's faces. Such is the higher class of society brought to Algiers. These are the men whom Europe sends to enlighten the poorer colonists, and to be an example to Africa. A third class follows, who will ruin the place; because conduct is as indispensable to success as capital. They are men who have been ruined over and over by their folly in all parts of the world. Speculators from England, from the United States of America, and from France, have flocked to Algiers, contributing nothing to its progress but their evil destiny; and they are most assuredly fated to repeat the failures which were the sole causes of their coming here. Their wretched activity is never satisfied, unless when adding to the sum of loss which has always distinguished their career.

"These are the sort of inhabitants France has given to Algiers; and the result is only what might be expected from the acts of such agents."—*Revue Encyclopédique, Novembre, 1832, p. 360.*

The hills which surround Algiers are now surrounded with elegant villas, which are built like small castles. They are inhabited by consuls, merchants, and wealthy Arabs. At the time of the invasion, those who chose to remain were permitted to retain their property; but many, in the consternation that prevailed, fled, and their estates were seized and sold. The villas which have been mentioned are surrounded by groves, in which oranges, lemons, and almonds are seen in profusion.

Of the 100,000 soldiers which France keeps in Algiers, 6,000 are said to die annually. Many have perished from fatigue and the effects of the climate. From 6,000 to 7,000 are generally in the hospital. Remittances of 20,000*l.* sterling are sent weekly from France by the steamers, which, however, is but a small portion of the whole expense. Provisions are necessarily imported, as the increased population has caused prices to rise enormously. Beef, for instance, is often twenty sous per pound, while at Tangiers and Tunis it costs but four.

By many Algiers is considered to be a mill-stone about the neck of France. The war carried on is often a war of extermination; men, women, and children, houses, cattle, fruit, and corn are consigned to destruction wholesale. Great is the slaughter made of the French. Of an army of 10,000 men sent out from Algiers, it has often happened that not more than half that number have returned. The remainder are reported to have been left to keep possession of new conquests; but the truth is,



they have fallen in the field. In their reports the number of those killed in battle is commonly reduced from 100 to half-a-dozen, and the loss they inflict on the enemy is swelled in proportion.

It is generally understood that the French government take care to draft off the disaffected among the military to the new colony. Many convict soldiers are sent to Algiers. The dangerous courage and the criminal desperation in the land are thus abated and removed. This, perhaps, is as yet the only benefit France has derived from her triumph.

The Mahometan religion still prevails among the Arabs; they entertain a belief that if they fall in battle the prophet will lift them by the tuft of hair on their heads to the seventh heaven. By cutting off the heads of the slain, the French found their companions were filled with terror, as they could not conceive how the body was to be lifted above the skies, if separated from the head. A savage parade of slaughter is made by the French; I have often seen horse soldiers come into the city displaying the bleeding heads of those they had slain in triumph; some horses have had not fewer than a dozen hanging to their sides by hooks forced through the jaws of the dead men. The Arabs retaliated by cutting off the heads of the French who fell into their power.

One very barbarous custom has obtained among the French: all the wanderers they find within five or six miles of Algiers, who, driven from their homes, are seeking a scanty subsistence in the mountains, are seized and treated as slaves: they are generally heavily chained, three of them together being fastened by their legs, so that they can move but slowly and with difficulty. In this condition they are made to sweep the streets, and a driver is in constant attendance to stimulate them to exertion by the application of a thick whip when they are deficient in activity. This is a most afflicting spectacle.

#### STORY OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

SOME Florentine merchants had employed Pietro Buonaventuri, of a decent family in Florence, as their agent at Venice. The young man had an agreeable person, and he had the assurance to endeavour, under false pretences, to seduce the affections of Bianca Capello, a daughter of the illustrious family of Capello. His insinuations and artifices succeeded; he prevailed on her to quit her father's house—to throw herself into his arms, and to follow him to Florence: the step was fatal, and she was soon reduced to want and misery. From her education she was ignorant of every honest and industrious method of supporting herself, and to return to Venice was

to be immured for life within the walls of a convent. Beautiful and artful, she determined to profit by her personal charms, and as she had sacrificed her honour she sold her beauty. After she had lived for some time the life of a wanton, a report of her attractions was accidentally made to the grand duke, by one of his courtiers, and he determined to see her. The moment was decisive both for Francesco and Bianca Capello. At the very first interview he became enamoured. His attachment was not even attempted to be concealed from Bianca's husband, and the three personages formed what the Italians called "il triangolo equilatero," the equilateral triangle. The grand duke liberally rewarded Pietro Buonaventuri for his complaisance, and the amour continued till Pietro's death. The grand duke soon afterwards became a widower, and, having some thoughts of a second marriage, with the hopes of a family, he thought it most prudent to put an end to his connexion with Bianca, and on the separation loaded her with presents and favours. But his attachment was too powerful to be conquered. Bianca had no sooner left him than she was recalled, and he conceived a more extraordinary project. "Of what use is it," he reasoned with himself, "to look into uncertain futurity for a son, the object of my wishes? A short ceremony, a priest, and a few Latin words will legitimate my son Antonio, and enable him to succeed me." With this resolution he sent for Bianca, and communicated his intentions to the government of Venice. That state, by the marriage of Caterina Cortona with the bastard Lusignan, had once appropriated to itself the kingdom of Cyprus and the island of Candia, and its ambition again revived. The senate thought by such an alliance with the grand duke it might reap some political advantages; and its leading members informed Francesco that they had adopted Bianca Capello as the daughter of St Mark. Francesco immediately married her, and from the caprice of fortune a courtesan became one of the first princesses of Italy. Their union was, however, an object of public ridicule, and Italy echoed with the song—

"Il gran-duca di Toscana  
Ha sposata una putana,  
Gentildonna Veneziana."

Bianca Capello was endued with a thousand seductive accomplishments; but devoid of honour and of virtue, she became every day more and more ambitious, and less scrupulous in the manner of gratifying her wishes. Despairing of being able to preserve her station and that of her son if Ferdinando and Pietro, the grand duke's brothers, survived him, and wishing to secure herself, she conceived the frightful scheme of removing the eldest by violent

means. He was to pass by Poggio, the grand duke's country residence, in his way to Rome; but some whispers of what was in agitation had escaped, and Ferdinando was on his guard. An entertainment was prepared for him, and a favourite dish, of which he was earnestly pressed by Bianca to taste, from its having been expressly provided for him. Ferdinando pretended illness; and the grand duke, who was ignorant of Bianca's stratagem, but suspected his brother's reasons, to convince him of their injustice ate very heartily of the dish which had been poisoned for his brother. Bianca, rising up, observed the business was at an end, and in despair took the remainder of the poison. The grand duke expired in terrible convulsions the same night, on the 10th of October, 1587; and the criminal Bianca followed him in a few hours.

### HORRORS OF CELIBACY.

THE melancholy fate of a Catholic priest who has made a vow of celibacy, but who becomes a lover, who wishes to be faithful to duty, but

"Who has not yet forgot himself to stone,"

is powerfully depicted by Benedict Dalci, a German writer, in an autobiography.

The young priest hears, amid the choir of singing voices, one voice which goes to his heart. He beholds the singer in her youthful beauty, and loves—she loves him. But—the vow! It has separated them for ever! He marries her at the altar to his mortal enemy. He baptizes her child. He sees her in her garden as he stands at his window, playing with a child which is not his. She comes to confession, and confesses her misery, and calls on him for help. What help? he himself is in despair. He preaches to his people of the blessings of domestic life, and bleeds inwardly; he buries the dead, and wishes that the corpse were his. He dreads madness or self-murder, yet, living to be old, draws this moving picture of

### THE SICK PRIEST.

In the days of misfortune, in the blank days of sickness,

Oh! how poor was I then, how forsaken, alone!  
Then first comprehend we the depth of our misery,—  
To be priests, yet with hearts where soft feelings have grown.

The servants of money, the servants of fortune,  
How they grin with the marks of their falseness upon us;  
But no step is there taken by souls of compassion,  
For comfort, for rescue when sickness lies on us.

Oh! then are the arms and the bosoms too absent,  
Which are softer than cushions of down round us piled;

There is wanting the love which obeys the least whisper,  
There is absent the love both of wife and of child!

Go, bury the wretch, ay, bury him living,  
If ever a murder be mercy, 'tis then,  
When you bury the priest whom a heart of humanity  
Has made, though most wretched—a man amongst men!

### PENITENTIAL PETITION OF JUDGE JEFFERIES TO KING WILLIAM.

"THE Lord Chancellor's petition to his Highness the Prince of Orange, on his entrance into London, most humbly sheweth—

"That your petitioner, who was once Lord High Chancellor of England, is now become the lowest of your suppliants; and from the first and chiefest counsellor of the throne, a miserable, dejected captive in the Tower.

"I do not presume to justify my integrity; that would be an arrogance as black as my crimes. I confess I am as unworthy to live as I am unwilling to die; and therefore I prostrate myself at the footstool of your grace and clemency—that fountain of inexhausted goodness whose only mercy can flow upon so vile and notorious a delinquent.

"To enumerate my crimes would be as numberless as the enemies I have created by them; nor will I presume to profane your sacred ears with so black a catalogue, whose precious minutes are more happily employed in the weightier affairs of the nation, the restoration of those laws and liberties which I, by my biased and precipitate counsels, endeavoured to subvert.

"What could be more pernicious and destructive to the fundamental laws of the nation than to establish a power in the monarch to dispense with them?

"What greater inlet to Popery than to take off the test and penal laws? What deeper stroke to the Protestant church than to erect a court of ecclesiastical commission to pull down her pillars? What sharper persecution of the prelates than by publishing an arbitrary declaration, for the non-obeying of which illegal warrant so many since have been treated as criminals in the Tower? Nor could there be a more irregular method than the late regulation of corporations for a free election of parliament. In all which, and many others (to my shame I must confess) I have been all along principal counsellor and instigator.

"These, may it please your highness, are the crying crimes which, were they greater, it is in your power to mitigate by your intercession to parliament, having already the king's pardon. If you vouchsafe this to an humble suppliant, I will promise in some measure to make retaliation by discovering some *arcana imperii*, or intrigues of state, which I am capable of, which may highly concern your highness's interest in this kingdom."

## THE ANONYMOUS—A CABINET PICTURE.

A graceful form, a gentle mien,  
Sweet eyes of witching blue,  
Dimples where young love nestles in  
Around a "cherry mou":  
The temper kind, the taste refined,  
A heart nor vain nor proud,  
A face, the mirror of her mind,  
Like sky without a cloud:

A fancy pure as virgin snows,  
Yet playful as the wind;  
A soul alive to other's woes,  
But to her own resign'd.  
This gentle portraiture to form,  
Required not Fancy's art;  
But do not ask the lady's name—  
'Tis hidden in my heart!

## Reviews.

*Fables, Original and Selected.* By G. Moir Bussey. Willoughby. Third Edition. This book is got up in a superior style, and highly embellished with woodcuts executed by Orrin Smith, Breviere, Herbert, Belhatte, &c., &c., after designs by J. J. Grandville. The introduction consists of a biographical notice of the most eminent writers on fable. Nothing can interest

children so much, or make such lasting impressions. We all recollect with pleasure many of the startling tales and morals taught in our infancy from fables, and to the latest day in our lives we can read 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Telemachus,' and 'Rasselas.' We cannot pass over this book without presenting to our readers one of the woodcuts, which illustrates the fable of the 'Miser and his Treasure.' The miser went daily to see that it was safe, but it was soon stolen, which brings us to the point represented by the cut. When he discovers his loss, a traveller coming up to him, this dialogue ensues:—"A very extraordinary manner truly of disposing of your riches! Why did you not rather keep them in your house, that they might be ready for your daily occasions?" "Daily occasions!" resumed the miser, with an air of much indignation; "do you think I know so little the value of money as to suffer it to be run away with on all occasions? On the contrary, I had prudently resolved not to touch a shilling of it." "If that was your wise resolution," answered the traveller, "I see no sort of reason for your being thus afflicted. It is but putting this stone in the place of your treasure, and paying the same daily de-



votions to it; it will answer all your purposes fully as well, and you will continue to be as rich as ever." The selection of fables has been made with great judgment, and

the book, as a present to our younger friends, will be not only acceptable, but probably it will be found permanently useful.





*Arms.* Quarterly; erm. and gu. a crescent of cadency.

*Crest.* A tower az., a demi-lion, rampant, issuant from the battlements or, holding between the paws a grenade, fired, ppr.

*Supporters.* Dexter, a talbot, guardant, ar., guttée de poil; sinister, a wolf, ermineois, each gorged with a chaplet of oak vert, fructed or.

*Motto.* "A Deo et rege." "From God and the king."

### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HARRINGTON.

The Earls of Harrington and Chesterfield sprung from one common ancestor, Sir John Stanhope, Knight, of Elvaston, in the county of Derby, who married, first, Cordell, daughter and co-heir of Richard Allington, Esq., and had an only son, Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield. His second wife was daughter of Thomas Trentham, Esq., of Rochester priory, county of Stafford, by whom he had with others issue Sir John Stanhope, Knight, of Elvaston, who represented the county of Derby in the House of Commons, in the reigns of James and Charles I, and in the fifth year of the latter king he was sheriff for the same shire. He died in 1637, and was succeeded by his eldest son, John Stanhope, Esq., of Elvaston, who married Jane, daughter of Sir John Curzon, Bart., of Kedleston, near Derby.

The eldest son of the last-mentioned marriage, John Stanhope, Esq., became the husband of Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of Charles Agard, Esq., of Poston, county of Derby. On his death, in 1730, the estates passed to his next brother, Charles, who was Secretary to the Treasury in the time of George I. He died in 1760, never having been married, and the estates then devolved on his nephew, William, the second Earl of Harrington. His father, William, the second son of John Stanhope, Esq., last mentioned, was an eminent scholar, and distinguished himself as a statesman in the reigns of George I and II. From 1715 to 1729 he was engaged in diplomatic missions of vast importance. He succeeded in concluding the pacific treaty of Seville, which had been commenced at the Congress of Soissons, and was elevated to the Peerage Nov. 20, 1729, by the style and title of Baron Harrington, of Harrington, county of Northumberland. In 1730 his lordship was appointed principal Secretary of

State, and continued to hold the seals till 1742, when he was appointed Lord President of the Council, and on the 9th of February in that year he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Petersham, of Petersham, county of Surrey, and Earl of Harrington, county of Northampton. His lordship again filled the office of Secretary of State, and in 1746 was appointed Lord Lieutenant-General, and General Governor of Ireland, in which important government he continued till 1751, when he was replaced by the Duke of Dorset. He married Anne, daughter and heir of Colonel Edward Griffith, one of the Clerks Controller of the Green Cloth, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter to Dr Thomas Lawrence, first Physician to Queen Anne. He died Dec. 8, 1756, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, William, who was a General in the Army, and married, August 11, 1746, Caroline, eldest daughter of his Grace Charles, second Duke of Grafton, by whom he had a family of eight children. At his death, which took place April 1, 1779, he was succeeded by his eldest son Charles, who married, May 23, 1779, Jane, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Fleming, Bart., of Brompton park, Middlesex. Ten children were the issue of that marriage. His Lordship died Sept. 5, 1829, and was succeeded by his eldest son Charles, the present Earl, who married Miss Foote, the celebrated actress, April 7, 1831, by whom he has issue. The present heir to the title, Charles Viscount Petersham, was born Dec. 18, 1831.

*Mazzinghi.*—The papers announce the death, at an advanced age, of Mazzinghi. He was well known in the world of art, some thirty years since, as a musical composer, and his 'Chains of the Heart,' and 'Ramah Droog,' kept the stage for a while as favourite ballad operas. He belonged to a noble Corsican family.

A RUN IN THE WESTERN  
HIGHLANDS.

## LETTER VI.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I rested and amused myself, after my trip to the Western Highlands, by occasional excursions to Glasgow, and our picturesque and interesting neighbourhood. Near Kilpatrick are the remains of an old Roman bridge, built with the solid masonry, and the evident design of remaining a memorial of their power, which characterized all the structures of that practical and civilizing people. The ruins were preserved by one of the Lords Blantyre, and now serve as the basis of a modern bridge. This has been the destiny of many of the Roman ruins through Europe, as out of the broken materials of the empire, the modern continental states have been formed. I also enjoyed the pleasure of occasional visits to some friends at Glasgow, whose reception of me was equally distinguished by a generous hospitality and personal kindness and attention. We went on to Paisley, and had the advantage of seeing its celebrated abbey, under the guidance of a gentleman long familiar and deeply interested with the antiquities of the town. I was surprised to find a place, associated in my mind, as of most Englishmen, with the smoke and dirt of factories, and which I considered the metropolis of manufacturing Scotland, to contain ruins, as picturesque as Holyrood, of ecclesiastical establishments, which showed the great wealth and influence which the church must once have enjoyed in that quarter of Scotland. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* In the abbey chapel is a splendid monumental tomb of Marjory, daughter of Robert Bruce, who by her marriage with Walter, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, and founder of the abbey, conveyed the hereditary right of the crown of Scotland to the splendid and unfortunate royal race, who derived their name from the office of their ancestor. The gentleman with whom we had the pleasure of spending a hospitable afternoon, sets an example of judicious benevolence in throwing open his beautiful grounds for the enjoyment of his poorer neighbours, by allowing respectable persons to play at bowls in summer, and curling in winter, within his domain, and no pleasure he could derive from it could be equally great. On my return from the Highlands I found myself kindly and pressingly invited to visit Ayrshire, by a Mr D——, a gentleman well known in the county for his antiquarian lore and his literary taste, a member of the Maitland club. He feels that pride for his native country, as the birthplace not of the *ploughman* poet (as he is so absurdly called), but of *Scotland's* poet, which every Ayrshire man so strongly feels. Accord-

ingly, having at once accepted an invitation so cordially given, K—— and I put ourselves on the Ayr and Glasgow railway, and passed Ellerslie, the birthplace of the patriot hero of Scotland; and were duly joined by our worthy host at a station near his residence, about half-way between the termini. Near the station at Irvine is the seat of the Earl of Eglintoun, celebrated by the recent attempt of his lordship to revive the exciting spectacle enjoyed by our ancestors, the gay and splendid tournament. Alas! the attempt was unpropitious, and so in truth are the days in which the earl has attempted the revival of a sport identified with feelings that have passed away. The sight, I am informed, was extremely splendid and interesting; but, in this uncertain climate, and in these *unfeudal* and *non-chivalric* days, one must be contented with the living picture in 'Ivanhoe,' which may be read by the winter fireside on the bleakest day, and still make us see, in distinct vision, all the joyous magnificence, and all the many-coloured scenes of the tournament, besides investing them with the undying interest of the tale and characters with which they are associated.

On our arrival at Ayr, we put ourselves under the escort of Mr H——, a gentleman who joins to an enthusiastic love of the bard the power and love of giving musical utterance to his delightful songs, pathetic and humorous. Ayr is delightfully situated in the centre of a bay running in from the Clyde. It is in the district rendered famous by Wallace and Bruce, the last of whom was Lord of Carrick, which is in its immediate neighbourhood. There is a tower, called "Wallace's Tower," with a statue of the renowned chief; and tradition says the patriot warrior was there sheltered from the pursuit of his enemies. And there, too, are the "Auld and New Brigs," which will be known and read of with interest a thousand years hence in Australia and South America, when not one stone remains upon another to mark their site.

About two miles from Ayr, in a very comfortable cottage, furnished with elegant neatness, and with a print of Nasmyth's admirable portrait of Burns, resides the poet's sister, a widow lady, now seventy-two years of age, and as Burns died in 1796, then old enough to appreciate and remember him, personally and characteristically. We entered the cottage with deep interest. Here was a *living* memorial of the poet, and here was one from whose person we might obtain the best idea, by family resemblance, of his "vera effigies!" We apologized for the visit, expressing a hope that we were *non-intrusionists*; but the aged lady, with equal readiness and politeness, replied, that no one could ever seem unwelcome who was a sincere ad-

mirer of her brother. Such, indeed, we all were; and though the only Englishman of the party, I rendered my homage to his memory with an admiration as genuine, though not as discerning as the rest. The fine old lady, dressed with the exactest neatness, and in full possession of her faculties, with only hearing slightly impaired, resembled extremely the portraits of Burns, and with that dark eye, which in her brother, Sir Walter tells us, "literally glowed," and was the finest he ever saw in a human head. She said Nasmyth's portrait conveyed a very good idea of Burns, whom, of course, she distinctly remembered, and of whom she spoke with mingled feelings of admiration for his genius, pride for his fame, and the reflected lustre he had cast upon all his family, and love for his virtues. Pity for his failings and sorrow for his untimely end, doubtless she also felt, in common with us all; but that was not the occasion for the utterance of such feelings, nor were we the persons to attempt to elicit any such expression. Deeply interested with our passing visit to this venerable lady, we soon passed the ruins of "Alloway Kirk," and arrived at the "Brig of Doon." What names over the world! "Far as the breeze will blow, the billows foam," wherever the English tongue is spoken, wherever the Scotch emigrant can be found, these well-known words strike like charmed sounds upon the ear! At the Brig of Doon there has been erected, within the last few years, the monument to Burns, which, with his adjoining birthplace, has now become, like the birthplace and haunts of Shakspeare, the shrine of genius which pilgrims of all classes daily frequent. We saw, in the book kept at the "auld clay biggin" where he was born, about a mile from the monument, a daily list of thirty or forty persons who had visited the house during the summer! Nor is the homage to the national poet confined to the higher or even middle classes. I was delighted to find that weavers from Glasgow and their families look forward to their annual excursion to the monument as the day of their enjoyment, and the same spot is frequently made the wedding trip of the labouring classes. I must detail the edifice to you from a very useful little work, the 'Guide to the Glasgow and Ayrshire Railway and the Land of Burns,' published in Ayr.

"About halfway between the 'Auld Brig' and the kirk, on the summit of the eastern bank, which here rises boldly from the river, stands the monument to Burns, the foundation-stone of which was laid on 25th January, 1820; it was designed by Thomas Hamilton, Esq., architect, Edinburgh, and built by subscription, costing upwards of 3,300*l*. The grounds around it measure about an acre and a rood, and are very

tastefully laid out with rare and beautiful flowers and shrubs, and so intersected with walks as to make the visitor fancy them much greater in extent than they really are. The edifice reflects the highest credit on the architect; it is of the composite order, blending the finest models of Grecian and Roman architecture. It is about sixty feet high. On the ground-floor there is a circular apartment, lighted by a cupola of stained glass, sixteen feet high and eighteen feet in diameter, in the centre of which stands a table with relics and editions of the poet's writings. Amongst the relics are the Bibles given by Burns to his Highland Mary. They are enclosed in a neat oaken box with a glass lid. On the fly-leaf of the first volume is the following text in the hand-writing of the bard:—"And ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord," Levit. xix. 12. In the second, 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths,' Mat. v. 33; and in both volumes is written, 'Robert Burns, Mossgiel,' with his mason's mark appended, partly obliterated. The scripture quotations are clearly legible. The Bibles are plainly bound, and one of them contains a lock of Highland Mary's hair. In a small cottage at the south side of the enclosed ground are the original far-famed figures of 'Tam O'Shanter' and 'Souter Johnny,' chiselled out of solid blocks of freestone by the self-taught sculptor, Thom. No one can look upon these statues without feeling that the poet has not more graphically described than the sculptor has delineated the jolly couple. They were placed here after having been exhibited in some of the principal cities and towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and part of the proceeds went to the embellishment of these grounds. On leaving the monument grounds, strangers usually proceed to the 'Auld Brig,' to inspect the veritable key-stone, where—

"Naunie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest."

"Passing along this venerable structure, we return, by a winding of the road, to the new bridge, from which the old bridge, the river, and the monument are seen to great advantage. Looking downwards, the peep at the winding river, with its finely-wooded banks, is very beautiful; and, close under the eye, Mr Auld's little paradise is not less attractive. It does not become us here to dwell on the debt of gratitude which the admirers of Burns owe to Mr Auld for the untiring zeal he has displayed in beautifying the monument-grounds since they were first laid out; and, as to the fine taste he brought to the task of embellishing nature by art, it speaks for itself."

It does indeed; and nothing can be more delightful, on a fine summer or autumn day,

than a ramble by the "banks and braes of bonnie Doon," in Mr Auld's grounds, through which the now famous river flows. He is ever on "hospitable thoughts intent" with the succession of Burns' admirers, who now throng in uninterrupted succession to this classic spot. After inspecting Alloway Kirk, we went to the humble home in which Burns was born, and which seems destined to rival the butcher's shop at Stratford, as that has supplanted the shrine of our Lady of Loretto. It was a farmhouse when Burns' father lived there, and only contained two rooms. But additions have been made to the "auld clay biggin," and it must now afford a good revenue from the crowds of visitors. Such is the influence of the spell thrown on the place by the poet, that land in the neighbourhood of the monument has already doubled in value! Poor Burns! another of the memorable list of men who are refused bread and honoured with stones!

In the autumn of the year, Burns' son, Colonel Burns, returned from a long absence in the service of his country as an officer of the Indian army. It is intended, I understand, in the autumn of 1844, to have a grand festival at the Brig of Doon, in honour of the bard, at which, of course, thousands will be present. Professor Wilson, it is said, will attend, as who can doubt who has read his delightful and powerful essay on the genius of Scotland's poet, in the splendid work recently published, the 'Land of Burns?' At that festival the national homage of Scotland will be eloquently, gratefully, emphatically, and unanimously rendered to the memory of her most characteristic poet, at the most appropriate shrine; and never may the "practical" tendencies of the age take away from men the respect they feel and owe to the great poetic master of pathos and humour, who has achieved the rare distinction of excelling in both departments of literature, and is equally read, admired, and revered, as the author of 'Tam O'Shanter,' 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' and the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' Well may Scotland be proud of the Ayrshire poet, the most gifted, after Sir Walter, of all her sons!

After thus gratifying our feelings of curiosity and interest by this visit to the land immortalized in song, we returned to the mansion of our kind entertainer, and spent two days in the enjoyment of elegant hospitality. I cannot say I much admire the scenery of Ayrshire; no doubt there is every sign of fertility, and in addition to the produce of the surface, this part of the country is full of mineral wealth, to the extraction of which the railway has given a great stimulus. In the neighbourhood of our host's residence are some very romantic views situated in a picturesque

glen, and overhanging the stream, which was formerly, I suppose, the abode of one of those robber chieftains, who, like their fellow-tyrants on the Rhine—

"In proud state, upheld their armed halls,  
Doing their evil will, nor less elate  
Than mighty heroes of a longer date,  
Beneath these battlements, within these  
walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her passions—  
And many a tower for some fierce mischief  
won,  
Saw the discoloured stream beneath its  
ruin run."

Happy that we live in other days! We then returned to Glasgow, and, after a short sojourn with our excellent friend on the Clyde, I was duly conveyed by one of the superb Liverpool boats to my "native land." Your affectionate Brother,

ALFRED.

#### SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.—An extract of a letter to Dr Bostock from his son was read, giving a detailed account of a flight of locusts which he had witnessed in India, between Cawnpore and Agra. The number of locusts was so great that the air became quite darkened. They appeared to be moving at about the rate of four miles an hour, and although the travelling party were moving in an opposite direction, they were between two and three hours in passing through them. Professor Edward Forbes read a paper on the Echinidae of the Ægean Sea, of which he had found twelve species when accompanying Captain Graves in H.M.'s ship 'Beacon.' The most remarkable of these were a new *Amphidetus*, allied to the *A. cordatus*, and the *Echinus monilis*, identical with the form of that name found fossil in the tertiary beds of Europe. The species were dredged up from depths varying from one to 100 fathoms. In the description of *Amphidetus* he gave an account of the eyes of that genus, which he had discovered surrounding the ovarian foramina, and which are protected by eyelids formed of regular circles of spines. He gave an account of the habits of *Cidaris histrix*, which he had taken in 70 fathoms water, and which has the power of climbing up corals by means of its spines alone, a fact not previously observed. The *Echinus lividus* is used as an article of food by the Greeks, and is identical with the Irish sea-urchin which perforates rocks.

#### Miscellaneous.

THE PORTRAITS OF WALLENSTEIN.—It is to the portraits of the celebrated Duke of Freidland, by Van Dyk, that our attention is naturally first directed, and should even

the host of Netschers, and Dows, and Rubenses, by which they are surrounded, be confounded in the traveller's mind with the Netschers, Dows, and Rubenses, which he had elsewhere to pass in review, yet never, I am satisfied, will the features of Wallenstein be effaced from his recollection—features which he will nowhere be able to look upon as here. There are two portraits here of the duke. In the one, he is painted as a young man; and in the other, as a grey-headed warrior. The comparison between the two pictures is highly interesting. There the youth stands before you with his light curly hair, of which a lock falls coquettishly upon the forehead, while a small neat mustache is carefully turned up at the end, with an evident view to effect. The face is a lengthened oval; the nose is handsomely formed, and the eyes, beautifully expressive, are, if I remember rightly, blue. An azure, cloudless sky forms the background. The same noble features, but hardened and stern, mark the second portrait. The smooth skin is furrowed by innumerable lines, that seem to bear testimony to violent passions and chequered fortunes. The hair of the head has grown thin, while the mustache, having lost its graceful curl, is changed into a wilderness of bristles, many of them standing stiffly out, like those with which Retzsch has often known how to give such expressive effect to his outlines. The old weather-beaten countenance looks angrily and imperiously down upon us, like the wrinkled bark of a sturdy old oak. The sword is drawn, as about to give the signal for battle. Gloomy scattered clouds are sweeping over the background, remnants of a recent storm, or tokens of fresh levies that are to expend their electricity in new battles. The azure sky of peace that smiled upon the youth never returned for the duke, as it has often done for the aged and retiring warrior when his battles are over; it was among the gloomy agitations of his career that Wallenstein fell. A portion of his skull is preserved at the Castle of Dux, and has been duly examined by phrenologists. The protuberances discovered there have been carefully numbered and ticketed. Among them may be seen No. 6, firmness; No. 7, cunning; No. 18; boldness; No. 19, reflection; No. 20, vanity; No. 21, pride and love of glory. The partisan with which he was stabbed is likewise shown, and his embroidered collar, stained with the blood that flowed from the deadly wound. Also a letter written by his own hand commanding the execution of some citizens, who had served against the emperor.—*Kohl's Austria.*

**MUSIC AT LORD MAYOR'S PAGEANTS.**—At the pageant in 1566-7, when Sir William or Christopher Draper was Lord Mayor of London, the music for the Iron-

mongers' company's *foists* or barge, consisted of two trumpets, one drum, and sixteen bases, half of which were double, and one solitary flute. The men and musicians were habited in sarnet cassocks, with scarfs and nightcaps of Bruges satin, "drawn out with white and red." The queen's sergeant-trumpeters demanded no less than 18*l.* for [the services of] twenty-four trumpeters. In 1575, in a description of the procession, we find "next two drums and a flute;" after an interval, "then a set of hautbois playing;" "then sixteen trumpeters, eight and eight in a company;" at another part of the procession, "twelve trumpeters more, with banners of the mayor's company, then the drum and flute of the city, and an ensign of the mayor's company, and after the waits of the city in blue gowns, red sleeves and caps, every one having his silver collar about his neck."

**ENGLAND'S INCOME AND PROPERTY IN 1778.**—The late Mr Samuel Curwen, in his journal, under the date of April 13, 1778, has entered the following particulars, as from some information communicated to him in conversation:—"The land tax, at 4*s.* in the pound, produces two millions; the real tax on a medium is two shillings nearly, which, being a tenth part of income, makes that to be twenty millions. Should an expensive war, or some unforeseen accident throw the nation into a convulsion, and discourage lending and lessen supplies, it would, of course, reduce the value of lands, perhaps to twenty-five years' purchase; their real value then would be five hundred millions. Court value of the kingdom supposed to be eighteen millions, for the following reasons, viz., fifteen millions were brought into the mint to be new coined on proclamation; the remainder, coin of George II and III, full weight, still continuing current, amount to three millions. Amount of fabrics, plate, &c. &c., on a modest computation, is worth one hundred millions, making in all six hundred millions. A nation possessing more than twice as much as it owes, need not fear bankruptcy;—England's debt being one hundred and sixty millions. I pretend not to judge what would be the full issue of a shock to national credit, much less dare I determine; but I confess, I fear it would be followed by dreadful convulsions, and produce cruel ravages and carnage among the lower classes, who, being deprived of daily subsistence for want of daily employ, on stoppage of trade and manufactures, would not contentedly sit down and suffer themselves with their wives and little ones to perish with hunger; nor even those whose large incomes, derived from national funds, being now stopped, are reduced to a level with the most indigent, and whose wants being



supplied from their charity, are now their equal fellow-sufferers."

**VICTOR HUGO.**—Parallel to his active, agitated, militant career as an innovator, the poet has enjoyed a domestic existence full of serenity and bliss. In one of the most retired quarters of Paris, at one of the angles of that Place Royale, which is the living memorial of the first days of the great age, he dwells in a sumptuous mansion, furnished with all the luxury of a noble, and the fantasy of an artist. It is here, in the bosom of pure and peaceful domesticity, surrounded by a lovely wife, and four laughing, rosy children, that, as if to realize in his own mind his system of dramatic antithesis, he has evoked all those satanic apparitions, all those murders, adulteries, incests, horrors, with which he has shocked the world. But it is here, also, that he conceived that delicious creation, *Esmeralda*, the younger sister of Mignon and Fenella, more fascinating, perhaps, than either; it is here that he has resuscitated old Paris in all its rude energy; it is here that he wrote all that exquisite lyric verse which will place his name so high in the literary history of the age. It is here, also, it is said, that he shows himself a kindly patron of embryo talent, a gifted talker, an erudite and enthusiastic archaeologist, a man of sense and judgment, paying due attention to the prosaic things of earth, and complying equally with the duties of the father and the inspirations of the poet.—*Living Characters of France.*

### The Gatherer.

**Sir Francis Burdett.**—This honourable Baronet died on Tuesday, having survived his lady but about a week. He was 74 years of age. Mr Jones Burdett died two years back, when Sir Francis wrote an affectionate notice of the deceased, in which he censured the falsehoods too often put forth in praise of the dead, but warmly eulogised the virtues of his brother. It appears on a tablet which has been put up in Twickenham Old Church.

**A Modest Request to a Lady.**—Ozias Linley, Sheridan's brother-in-law, was subject to perpetual fits of abstraction. In simplicity of character, as well as in absence of mind, he was another Parson Adams. As he was one morning setting out on horseback for his curacy a few miles' distance from Norwich, his horse threw off one of his shoes. A lady, who observed the accident, thought it might impede Mr Linley's journey, and seeing that he was quite unconscious of it, politely reminded him that one of his horse's shoes had just come off. "Thank you, madam," replied Linley; "will you, then, have the goodness to put it on for me?"

**Russian Charitable Institutions.**—In St Petersburg charitable institutions include all classes, from the duke to the pauper. The Empress-Mother is the patroness of one institution which boards "about four hundred young ladies of noble families," who are immured for nine years, during which they are denied access to their parents but under "the strictest surveillance." She is also the patroness and gouvernante of the Institute of St Catharine, containing three hundred and ten young ladies, all of "noble blood." Of these young ladies of "noble blood," one-fifth are supported by charity.

**Anecdote of Charles I.**—When Charles I had almost worn out his welcome in Spain, he seems to have thought his becoming her husband would have conferred no slight honour and obligation on the Infanta and her country. On his demanding what course Spain would take politically in case of a certain event, Olivarez replied it was a state maxim that the King of Spain could employ no forces against the House of Austria. "Look to it then, sir," said Charles; "for if you hold yourself to that, there is an end of all;—without this you may not rely upon either marriage or friendship."

**Mrs Wood.**—Those who were admiring (or admiring at) Mrs Wood's resolution "to admit no compromise in matters of religion," announced so universally some months ago, on the occasion of her volunteering a month's performances in a York convent, will have seen with, or without, surprise, as may be, that she has descended from the beatitudes of conventual life, to make a "farewell appearance," at the Princess's Theatre. This unfortunate woman's vagaries are too offensive an experiment upon popular sympathy or credulity, to pass without grave reprobation. As a worn-out singer of the worst possible school, her performance or her retirement is a matter of little importance, and, under other circumstances, we should have been quite content to maintain a considerate silence; but this endless obtrusion of herself on the public makes forbearance impossible, on far higher grounds than those which merely concern the progress of Art.—*Athenaeum.*

**Sacheverell's Library.**—In 1773 Messrs Nicol and Wilson, booksellers, issued a catalogue, comprising, amongst other collections, the library of the famous Dr Henry Sacheverell.

**How to Improve the World.**—Could we, doing as we would be done by, be content to obey the Apostolic injunction, and make "a living sacrifice of our bodies," says the Rev. C. Le Bas, "the whole circuit of society would then have the semblance of one consecrated enclosure: Every dwelling would be a temple, and every inhabitant

a holy offering, presented continually to the Divine acceptance, by the Great High Priest of the human race. A cloud of perpetual incense would go up towards the mercy seat; and, in return, the peace of God would descend to gladden and to sanctify the tabernacles of men!"

*Roman Theatres.*—There are five theatres at Rome, to a population very nearly as considerable as that of Dublin. Each of these establishments is the property of one of the noble families in the city, who prefer doing by themselves what is usually done in England by committee. The Valle belongs to the Marchese Capranica, one of the four Roman Marquesses who have a right of canopy; the Argentina to the Duke Cesarini Sforza, the descendant of the celebrated ex-dynasty of that name; the Tor'di Nona, so called from an ancient tower near, to that universal man, the Duke of Bracciano (Torlonia). The Pallacorda is a joint concern; and the Aliberti has so often changed masters, that it is difficult to say in whose hands it remains.

*Honours or Emoluments of the Russian Army.*—All the good fat appointments seem to fall to the army in Russia as they do to the lawyers in England. If a manufactory of mirrors be established, a general officer must be its overseer, and the driver of the "unwashed artificers." If the government patronize a charity, or an establishment for dyeing broad cloth, grinding cutlery, building ships, or spinning tapes and bobbins, a general officer must be the grand controller.

*Scarcity of Watches.*—In Napoleon's campaigns, the numerous and disastrous errors in time, in Russian movements, were attributed to the general and staff officers being destitute of watches.

*Miss Boydell.*—The niece of the first Alderman Boydell married Mr Nicol, the bookseller. Their union would seem to have been hastened by a very remarkable incident. On the 9th of July, 1787, as Miss Boydell, accompanied by Mr Nicol, was walking up Princes street, Leicester fields, Dr Elliot, a medical man then well known among the literati, fired a pair of pistols so closely to the lady as to set fire to her cloak, yet she received no other hurt than a slight contusion on the shoulder. Mr Nicol seized the assailant, who was tried at the Old Bailey. Insanity was attempted to be established. Though acquitted of the greater offence, he was ordered to be tried for the assault; but the prisoner starved himself to death in Newgate, 22nd July. The lady bestowed her hand on her protector on the 8th of September following. Mrs Nicol was afterwards distinguished as an admirable judge of prints and drawings, of which she formed a fine collection. She died December 31st, 1826.

*The Old Level of London.*—In all parts of the metropolis incontestable evidence is offered that the level of the thoroughfares was formerly much lower than at present. The old public house pulled down near Britannia row, in the Lower road, Islington, was entered by going down three or four steps. Tradition stated that it was formerly reached by ascending as many. Marylebone, Knightsbridge, and Paddington, have still their ancient buildings, which offer similar testimony to prove that all the roads have been raised. We are also told that on opening the ground for the foundation for the present church of St Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, after the fire of London, Sir Christopher Wren discovered a foundation sufficiently firm for the intended fabric, which, on inspection, was found to be the walls, windows, and pavement of a temple or church, of Roman workmanship, entirely buried under the level of the present street.

*Cæsar's Camp on the site of St Pancras Church.*—Dr Stakely describes the arrangement of the camp, which he terms Cæsar's, and points out the peculiar station of each commander in these terms: he says,—“Cæsar's camp was situate where St Pancras church now is, his pretorium is still (1758) very plain, over against the church, in the footpath on the west side of the brook; the vallum and the ditch are visible; its breadth from east to west forty paces; its length from north to south sixty paces.”

*The Adder Stone.*—A charm to cure disease is said to have been known to the Druids, named “the adder stone.” It was called an egg, and asserted to have been produced by the saliva of a cluster of serpents, and possessed of certain magical virtues. The superstition in respect to these was very prevalent among the ancient Britons, and there still remains a strong tradition of it in Wales. This wondrous egg, however, seems to have been nothing more than a bead of glass.

*Abodes of the Ancient Britons.*—The high hills throughout England were the first occupied by the earliest inhabitants, at a period when the valleys were either incumbered by wood or inundated by water. In all of them were found earth-works and barrows, the sure vestiges of ancient population. On the bleakest hills were excavated the remains of Roman improvements, introduced into the British settlements, as flues, hypocausts, stuccoed and painted walls, but not a single inscription which could throw a light upon the era in which they flourished.

*Man in a Savage State.*—Peron, in his voyage of discovery to Australia, states that whenever an animal is slain by the savages, yells of triumph are set up by the whole tribe. “As soon as the carcase can

be broiled, they tear it to pieces. Each eats as much as he can, then sleeps; he awakes and eats again, until the whole is devoured. He then remains in a state of inaction, until hunger compels him to seek for fresh prey."

*What is Taste?*—Blair defines taste as the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and art. La Harpe describes it as a knowledge of the beautiful and of truth, and as a sense of what is right.

*Egyptian Science.*—Sesostris, according to ancient historians, caused a topographical map of Egypt to be drawn, and copies of it were circulated amongst the Egyptians and Syrians. We are not aware that any copy of it is extant.

*A Life-preserving Coffin!*—The American papers mention that "one of the most remarkable specimens of mechanical ingenuity exhibited at the American Institute, was a life-preserving coffin! The object of this new coffin is to prevent the hazard of burying a person alive; and for this purpose the coffin is fitted with springs and levers inside, which, on the slightest motion of the person within, will instantly throw up the coffin lid."

*Theatrical Decorations.*—The decorative portion of theatrical representation was, at an early period, an object of the highest interest and attention. The first artists did not think it below the dignity of their art to apply their time and talents to such purposes. San Gallo was employed in the decorations of the Clizia. Perugino, Francia Bigio, and Ghirlandajo, in those of the Mandragola. Jovius states that these latter were so admirable, that Leo X had them removed to Rome at his own expense. Rome, however, surpassed Florence. The other parts of Italy, Milan, Venice, Bologna, were scarcely inferior. It is not very generally known that Salvator Rosa was delighted to use his powerful pencil in giving additional effect to the "*Bellissimi e bizzarissime commedie all'improvviso*," which were relished exceedingly by the Florentines in the Casino di San Marco, which that munificent patron of the arts, the Cardinal Leopold de Medici, had lent for a theatre. At Rome Salvator again used his pencil for the same purpose, hastily embodying upon his canvases some of those reminiscences of his "*Giro*," among the Abruzzi mountains, which formed the prominent character of his after genius.

*Truth called into Court.*—The Denbigh Estedfodd, or meeting of hards, was opened with the following proclamation:—"The truth against the world. In the year 1828, when the sun is on the point of the autumnal equinox, in the forenoon of the 11th of September, this gorsedd, duly proclaimed, is opened in the Castle of Den-

high, in Gwynedd, with invitation to all, where no naked weapon is lawful, to pronounce judgment on all works of genius submitted to them in the eye of the sun and the face of the light.—The truth against the world!"

*Literary Discovery.*—A Latin play on the story of Richard the Third, and antecedent to Shakspeare, has been discovered in the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge. It is in the hands of the Shakspeare Society.

*M. Beranger.*—The students of Paris requested the poet Beranger to preside over the inauguration of the statue of Molière, an Monday week. He declined, and wrote to them—"My character, my tastes, and my habits, have always kept me away from public solemnities, where I should find myself ill at ease, and unable to utter a single word. Persuade," he added, "those generous young men to leave in his corner—which, thank heaven, is not the gloomy corner of the misanthropist—the old philosopher and song-writer, still faithful to his convictions and his sympathies. The dreams which he still makes there will prove, he hopes, to your generation, which will so long survive him, that to his last moments he was occupied with the happiness and glory of his country."

*Water Drinking.*—People go to Harrogate, and Buxton, and Bath, and the devil knows where, to drink the waters, and they return full of admiration at their surpassing efficacy. Now, these waters contain next to nothing of purgative medicine; but they are taken readily, regularly, and in such quantities as to produce the desired effect. You must persevere in this plan.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some extraordinary and interesting papers by Mr Boccus, on the Science of Breeding Fish, with most curious particulars of the habits of the funny race, will immediately appear.

X.—The heart is placed in the centre of the thorax or chest, its apex advancing towards the left side. Most persons think it is placed to the left. The palpitation is caused by the extension and contraction of its body in receiving the blood from the veins and ejecting it again by muscular power through the arteries.

L. M. S. will be attended to next week. His last observation we do not clearly understand.

"No Grumbler's" good-natured hint will be respectfully borne in mind.

If T. X. did not send his cramped up, hackneyed translation from Marmontel as an original article, why did he send it at all? He evidently meant to pass it off for his own, and finds, doubtless, not for the first time, that he has made a fool of himself.

We have preserved the letter of W. E. N., and hoped, long before this, to have heard from the writer.

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